Helen Mi Hugh

SHPBULDR



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The Class of '46 sincerely dedicate this issue of

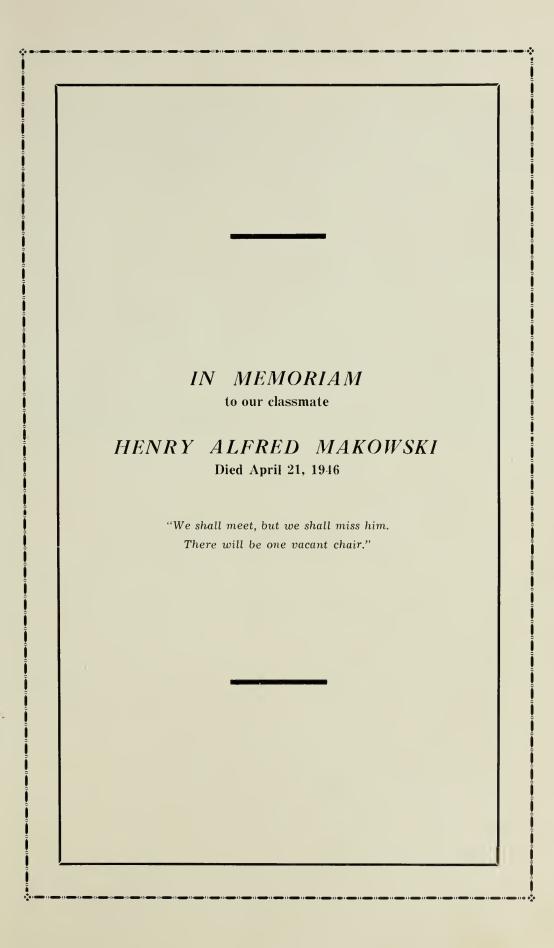
"The Shipbuilder"

to all the boys of Norwell

who have served, and are serving

with the Armed Forces of

the United States



THE SHIPBUILDER

The Class of 1946 welcomes back "The Shipbuilder" after an absence of three years.

This is the first Peace-time issue and it is particularly fitting that our class should publish it, as we have for our motto "Peace, Purpose, Power, Equality for all." This is the oldest motto in the United States, for it was first used by the Iroquois Indians.

The class wishes to thank the students of N. H. S. and our advertisers who have so gladly helped us in publishing this 1946 copy of "The Shipbuilder."

SHIRLEY HOWES, Editor-in-Chief



SHIPBUILDER STAFF

Back row, left to right: D. Hall, L. Jackman, C. Newcomb, G. Wyman, C. Jones, H. Makowski, H. Torrey, B. Snowdale, L. Des Jardins.
Front row: B. Walters, P. Bowen, L. Bell, S. Howes, B. Hayes, M. Lambert, E. Kee.

SHIPBUILDER STAFF

Editor-in-Chief Shirley Howes
Assistant Editor-in-Chief David Hills
Business Managers Louise Des Jardins, Helen Torrey
Advertising Managers Billie Walters, George Wyman
Art and Arrangement Dorothy Hall, Betty Hayes
Fun and Nonsense Carol Newcomb, Pauline Bowen
Literary Editors Marilyn Lambert, Edith Kee
Statistics Louise Jackman, Betty Snowdale
Athletics Clarence Jones

COMMENCEMENT STATISTICS

Baccalaureate Sermon by the Rev. George Pennington at the Universalist Church at Assinippi, Mass., June 2

Banquet June 3 at Norwell High School

Graduation June 5
Reception June 7













. . GRADUATES . .

DONALD SIMPSON—Scientific

I hate girls; they irritate me;

I love to be irritated.

Inter-Class Plays 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2; President of Student Council 3; Vice President of Student Council 4; President of Senior Class 4; Banquet Committee 2, 3; Toastmaster Banquet 3; Captain of Basketball Team 4; Com. for Junior Prom 3; Dinghy Staff 3, 4; Glee Club 4; Senior Pageant 4.

SHIRLEY HOWES—Commercial

I like work. It fascinates me. I can sit and look at it for hours.

Senior Dance Com. 4; D. A. R. Good Citizen 4; Shipbuilder Staff 4; Basketball Asst. 4; Vice President 4; Secretary 1; Senior Pageant 4; Student Council 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Inter-Class Plays 2, 3, 4; Dinghy Staff 3, 4; Junior Prom Com. 3; Field Hockey 1.

BILLIE WALTERS-General

In short, my deary, kiss me, and be quiet

-Lady Montagu

Miami High 1, 2; Inter-Class Plays 3, 4; Junior Prom Com. 3; Basketball 3; Cheer Leader 4; Shipbuilder Staff 4; Dinghy Staff 4; Student Council 4; Class Treasurer 4; Class Prophecy 4.

ELIZABETH HAYES—General

Here is the art of talking: she talks without effort.

Cheer Leader 1, 2, 3, 4; Inter-Class Plays 2, 4; Basketball 3; Banquet Com. 2, 3; Junior Prom Com. 3; Senior Prom Com. 3; Dinghy Staff 3, 4; Shipbuilder Staff 4; Senior Pageant 4; Senior Dance Com. 4; Class Secretary 4; Class Prophecy 4.

LOIS BELL—General

How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good decd in a naughty world.

-William Shakespeare

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Prom Com; Cheer Leader 4; Dinghy Staff 3, 4; Senior Pageant 4; Senior Play 4; Shipbuilder 4.

PAULINE BOWEN—General

Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Decorating Com. Junior Prom 3; Dinghy Staff 3, 4; Senior Pageant 4; Shipbuilder Staff 4; Freshman Social Com. 4.

. . . GRADUATES . .

LOUISE DES JARDINS-Commercial

My man's as true as steel —Shakespearc

National Honor Society 4; Gregg Shorthand Certificate 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Secretary 2; Junior Prom Com. 3; Senior Prom Com. 3; Shipbuilder Staff 4; Senior Pageant 4; Inter-Class Plays 4; Dinghy Staff 3, 4; Banquet 2, 3; Senior Dance 4.

DOROTHY HALL-General

It came to pass that after a time the artist was forgotten.

But her work lived on —Olive Schreiner

Junior Prom Com. 3; Inter-Class Plays 2, 3, 4; Senior Pageant 4; Dinghy Staff 3, 4; Shipbuilder Staff 4; Basketball 3, 4; Cheer Leader 2; Banquet Com. 3; Field Hockey 1; Soft Ball 3.

DAVID HILLS—Scientific

Wise men say nothing in dangerous times.

Inter-Class plays 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 4; Basketball Manager 4; Coke Manager 4; Junior Prom Com. 3; Senior Prom Com. 3; Student Council 4; Student Activity Com. 4; Class Treasurer 3; Class Historian 4; Assistant Editor of Shipbuilder 4; Dinghy Staff 3, 4; Class Night 3; Decorating Com. for Banquet 3; Senior Pageant 4.

LOUISE JACKMAN—General

Stay, stay at home, my heart and rest; Home-keeping hearts are the happiest

-Henry W. Longfellow

Shipbuilder Staff 4; Senior Pageant 4; Dinghy Staff 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Prom Com. 3; Inter-Class Plays 2, 3, 4; Basketball 3; Defense Stamp 3, 4; Field Hockey 1; Banquet 1; Senior Dance 4.

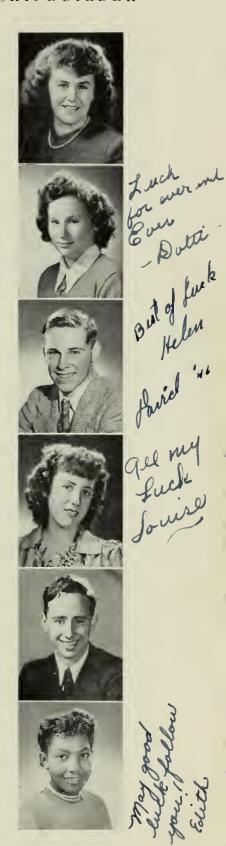
CLARENCE JONES—General

Though somewhat tardy I perchance arrive—Alighieri
Basketball Mgr. 4; Inter-Class Plays 4; Senior Pageant; Shipbuilder Staff.

EDITH KEE—Commercial

Keep the golden mean between saying too much and too little.

Shipbuilder Staff 4; Senior Pageant 4; Dinghy Staff 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Gregg Shorthand Certificate 4; National Honor Society 4.















. . GRADUATES . .

MARILYN LAMBERT—Commercial

This her modest, bashful nature that makes her silent. Shipbuilder Staff 4, Senior Pageant 4; Dinghy Staff 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

HENRY MAKOWSKI-General

Men of few words are the best men—Shakespeare
Pageant (Senior); School supplies 4; Shipbuilder
Staff 4.

CAROL NEWCOMB—General

All things are in common among friends

—Diogenes Laertries Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Shipbuilder Staff 4; Dinghy Staff 3, 4; Junior Prom Com. 3; Class Secretary 3; Pageant Senior 4; National Honor Society 4; Inter-Class Plays 2, 3, 4; Field Hockey 1; Basketball Score Keeper 4; Basketball 2.

ELIZABETH SNOWDALE—Commercial

I agree with no man's opinion.

I have some of my own

—Dumas

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Pageant 4; Senior Prom Com. 3; Shipbuilder Staff 4; Dinghy Staff 3, 4.

HELEN TORREY—Commercial

Fun is my best subject

Gregg Shorthand Certificate 4; Senior Pageant; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball Manager 4; Toastmaster 4; Inter Class Plays 4; Magazine Drive Manager 4; Dinghy Staff 3, 4; Shipbuilder Staff 4; National Honor Society 4.

GEORGE WYMAN—General

Ah, why should life all labour be?—Tennyson

Inter-Class Plays 2, 3, 4; Senior Pageant; Shipbuilder Staff; Student Council 4; Senior Dance Committee; Junior Prom Committee 3.

LITERARY

MODERN MUSIC - NOT SO BAD!

One day while going about my chores, I overheard a conversation between two ladies. It is impossible for me to recollect the exact words said, but I can say both ladies were expressing their complete disgust with the modern music.

Of course these two ladies, probably born of an aristocratic stock, and brought up on Bach and Beethoven, did not possess the knowledge that other music was written and listened to in their day which was an extreme contrast to the classical.

Years ago, as today, tunes were written in a various number of styles, so as to please all music lovers. We must not be narrow in our thoughts, because the type of music you may not like may bring joy to others.

Music can be divided into many classes; and it is especially wonderful to see the way the modern musician and writer has cleverly rearranged old tunes to please the present generation.

Much of the so-called "popular music" has been taken from the classical. Songs such as "Till the End of Time," and "To-night We Love," are examples of this. These modern tunes are only portions of of classical music, with words added, and played in a style such as to be classified as "popular."

Another type of music which excited many today is "swing." Years ago, this same style of rhythm was referred to as 'jazz," the main difference being in the interpretation of the artist who is playing the instrument.

There is a lighter and gayer side to music, just as in all things. This we find in the "novelty tunes." These songs which are sung throughout the country usually have no real meaning, and contain catcay little words. Under this class of "novelty tunes," we should include the music of Spike Jones, who, through the use of instruments which produce a number of weird sounds, has produced music (if I may call it that), that arouses the humorous side of the individual.

There are, of course, in the modern era, songs and tunes written years ago, that are loved today, and will be cherished forever. Songs which built our country, such as "The Battle Hymn of Republic," "The Star Spangled Banner," will be everlasting.

The classical music of the great composers will always be loved, because the light opera has great character in it, while the heavy opera arouses great feeling and excitement in the listener or player.

The true American folk song was originated by the Negro, and is held dear in the hearts of many today.

The polka, and the song of the west make up this wide variety of music of yesterday, sung and played today in the modern manner.

Music, no matter what type it may be, has brought, and is bringing joy to men. Therefore, let us thank God for giving us the ability to create such a world-wide pleasure. EDITH KEE '46

SCHOOL OF '76

By JOAN MURPHY, Grade 8

Zooming out from behind a cloud came our rocket bus. I put on my plastic coat, stepped on the moving front walk and slid to the bus. A baby escalator carried me inside and we were off.

In front of the bubble school we alighted. The hall door saw us coming and automatically opened. We glided up the wide, moving stairs to our rooms.

I sat down in my overstuffed chair behind my mahogany desk. A button that I pushed brought out my pencil. It began writing out my work, a lesson on Cryptogamous Plants. It did this by listening to my brain. (Sometimes I wished it didn't write all my thoughts - like the day I wanted to hit the teacher with a spitball.)

The teacher came in. She pushed a button and the rose-colored plastic walls dis appeared, glass ones taking their place. "It's cloudy in Rhode Island," she explained, "and so good to see the sun here.

"Children," she then said, "I'm sorry to be late. My helicopter ran out of gas and I had to hitch-fly.

I remarked to myself, "She's so oldfashioned. A helicopter, tsk, tsk. That's almost as ancient as a car.'

"Now," she commanded, "take your electric pen and write a five-page composition on Cerebellums. I'll send the electric collector around in one and a half seconds.

Ah, an easy assignment for once.

The bell soon rang for lunch. When I stepped on a button up popped a tray bearing a chicken dinner with all the fixings. I plugged in my knife, fork and spoon and they fed me.

On the playground at recess I took a ride on our roller-coaster. It was so much fun

When school was over we sped home in our rocket bus. And so ended another tough day in the year 2076.

FOUR ACES AND A KING

I held a pretty hand last night. Can no great solace bring, than the soft white hand I held last night — Four aces and a king. E. WYMAN, Grade 9



NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

Back row, left to right: S. Henderson, R. Wessman, L. Leonard, R. White, E. Jackson, F. Thomas. Front row: E. Kee, H. Torrey, L. DesJardins, B. Hayes, D. Hall, C. Newcomb, Miss Alden.



THE FACULTY

Back Row: Mrs. Kingman, Mrs. Brandt, Mrs. Sproul, Mr. Booth, Mrs. Osborn, Miss Farrar, Mrs. Turner; Bottom: Mrs. Barteau, Miss Alden, Miss Maguire, Mr. Rogean, Mrs. Joyce, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Lincoln.

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR By SARAH LINCOLN, Grade 7

Time: 10 a. m.

Place: The Baxter kitchen

Characters: Patsy, Mother, Voice

Scene 1 in the kitchen

Mother: Patsy, will you go down cellar and get me some mince-meat for my pie? It's in the cupboard on the left.

Patsy: All right, Mother (opens door and switches on light.) Mom, the light won't go on. I must have blown a fuse. **Mother:** Use the flashlight.

Patsy: Where is it?

Mother: Oh! I forgot. Jim lost it when he went camping last summer. It's not dark in the cellar. You can see all right.

Patsy: (Goes down cellar. A few minutes later a scream is heard and Patsy comes tearing in the kitchen excitedly). Mom, something is down there! It spoke to me.

I heard it. It wasn't human!

Mother: What is the matter?!?!?!

Patsy: There was something in the preserve closet. If you don't believe me, I'll show you.

Mother: I'll get Jim's rifle and you get the carving knife. (Mother leaves room and returns with gun. Patsy picks up knife).

Patsy: I'm scared. What if it's a

g-g-ghost?

Mother: Don't be silly. It's only your imagination. (They leave room).

Scene 2

Place: In the cellar.

Time: five minutes later.

Mother: Are you sure it spoke to you? Patsy: Yes. I know it did. It said, "Look out! Or I'll get you!" in a horrible voice.

Mother: Don't talk so loud or it will hear

Patsy: (whispering as she walks toward closet). Right over here.

Voice: Look out! Or I'll get you!

Patsy: That's the voice I heard last time. Who is it?

Mother: (pointing gun at closet). Come out with your hands up or I'll shoot!
Voice: Look out. Or I'll get you!

Mother: Patsy, crawl up to the door and fling it open. Then we'll find out what's in there. (Patsy crawls cautiously up to the closet and flings open door).

Mother: Oh, Patsy! A parrot. It must have flown through the broken window. I'll tell Mrs. Wright it's over here. I am quite sure it's hers.

Patsy: That certainly was a joke on us.

THE NATIONAL GAME

The baseball season will soon be here We'll hope for weather fine and clear, And folks will play in the backyard lot, From dad right down to the little tot

We'll swing the bat and hit the ball Way out over the neighbor's wall.

And cheer us on for our next home run. TED MITCHELL '49

THE HAUNTED HOUSE By WILLIAM REAGAN, Grade 7

"Sh! Sh!" said Bobby as we climbed the old rickety stairway. We were exploring the old haunted house when we heard a noise upstairs. Finally after standing there quite a while we got courageous and started up the stairs. As we reached the top we

heard the noise again.
"It's in that room," I said.
"No, it isn't," Bobby whispered back. We opened the door very softly and peered in. There was no one in the room. Feeling bolder, we walked in and looked around. There wasn't anyone or anything in that

Suddenly we heard the noise again. Quickly I ran to the window and cautiously poked out my head. There on the ledge outside the window was a little kitten. Bobby was disgusted and his actions plainly showed it. I was, however, very happy and we walked out of the house and down the street with the kitten in my arms.

WHAT AMERICANISM MEANS TO ME

What Americanism means to me is nothing I can say in words, just a feeling that never changes.

And I could never show what Americanism is to me in just one way, because it means so much and so many things.

The quiet peace of an American countryside, from the vast mountains of Connecticut to the yellow deserts of Arizona.

The feeling I get when I hear the Star Spangled Banner or a parade of soldiers; the band, the crowd and the cheers.

That flag — the symbol of purity, justice and American liberty.

Americanism means to me the power of American industry and labor sounding forth great messages of strength.

The jubilant and rousing spirit of a football game.

American youth, their crazy fads and unpredictable ways.

The trusting love in an American child's eyes, and his obscure knowledge of the fears and miseries of war.

Christmas trees and the gay laughter of small children; Easter rabbits and Thanksgiving feasts. The school I go to and the town I live in. These and others like them form a pattern for the American way of life, brought about by the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and the Gettysburg Address.

All these things are what Americanism means to me.

The spirit of America I feel when our soldiers come home to this wondrous living, and the great light of American peace and liberty is rekindled in the hearts of the American people, who are descendants of every race, color and creed.

CAROL NEWCOMB '46

PREFERENCES

Writing a poem is not a job for me. I'd rather hunt, or roll on the sea. The smell of the sea, the pull of the hook, Is, oh, so much better than a history book.

A gun in my hand, a dog at my side, The sound of the roller on an incoming tide,

Is the way a boy should spend the day, Not at a desk, — rotting away! JOE DEAN, Grade 8

WINTER IS COMING

Autumn leaves have fallen, The sky is cold and gray, The days are getting shorter With winter on its way.

The sunshine, now so feeble It scarcely warms the air, The earth has lost its beauty Seems dreary and so bare.

Migration to the southward Of all who would be warm. Nature's slow retreating From winter's cold and storm.

But, some of us just linger Tho I don't know why, 'Till crusty old man winter Comes sweeping from the sky.

I can hear the north wind howling, I can see the swirling snow, The temperature slowly dropping, Till it reaches ten below.

Then behold a silver carpet Leads all the way to school, And soon we'll be out skating On last year's swimming pool.

In the field where once grew daistes, We'll slide and have lots of fun, And we'll watch our jolly snowman, Bend low to the mid-day sun.

So come on, old man winter!
We'll greet you with good cheer
Your coming seems twice as bad
As when you're really here.
MARJORIE FORKEY, Grade 8

THE BEST SEASON

Spring is here and everywhere is heard, The sweet chirping sound of the bird. The flowers begin to sprout, while Children laugh and run and shout, "Spring is here! Spring is here at last!"

The brook is running very fast.
The melted ice, has freed at last.
In the meadow one hears with delight,
Bull frogs croaking with all their might
Spring is here! Spring is here at last,
FRANCES MacFARLANE '49

BUSTER

There was a mutt called Buster, Who was bushy as a duster The ladies, he did not please, Because they found the dog had fleas. H. MAKOWSKI, Grade 12

SUMMER IS GONE

Summer days have left us now, And frost is in the air. Golden rod and asters blue, Are blooming everywhere.

Chestnuts from the trees fall down, For children's eager hands, As out from school they rush each day, In merry, shouting bands. SARAH LINCOLN, Grade 7

AFTERMATH

"My plight," said Hirohito,
"Is terrible indeed,
My army has been cut down,
Like a small annoying weed."

"The U. S. Soldiers everywhere, Are starting to get rough. I really think they're acting A little bit too rough."

Why did I ever start a war,
Engage the world in strife?
Faithful valet, will you bring,
My hari-kari knife?''
E. BULLARD, Grade 9

THE LUNCHROOM SYMPHONY

The cling, clang, clatter of dishes and pans Sound better to me than the music of Brahms.

We greet each other with shouts and din Then the Student Council steps severely in.

We all calm down as quiet as mice,
The teachers sigh, "This is so nice."
We stand in line an hour—(about)
And find our favorite food is out.
But we're satisfied with what's left there,
And plan tomorrow to get our share.

DONALD MILLER, Grade 7

GOOD OLD NORWELL

I went to bed and had a dream, Thought that Norwell had a football team. She was the pride of the Old South Shore, She was tops and even more.

She had won almost every game, Norwell was getting fortune and fame. The captain said to little old me, "Let's play West Point Academy."

"O. K," says I, "I'm ready to fight,
I'll play that game with all my might."
How do you think the score came out?
Why, Norwell won without a doubt.
SCOTT OSBORNE, Grade 8



BOYS' BASKETBALL SQUAD

Back Row: C. Jones, Manager, R. Joseph, L. Leonard, E. Goldman, E. Wyman, R. White, J. Cann.

Front Row: Mr. William Dunbar, Coach; E. Baldwin, H. Walters, W. Jackman, Capt., D. Norris, W. Ekstrom, R. Westman,

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The basketball season was very disappointing to the boy's first team because they were unfortunate enough to lose all their league games. Several games were lost, but only on or two points, so we don't feel the team was as poor as the scores might indicate. The team was new, not having a single player left from last year. We know that next year the N. H. S. basketball team will be on a par with the best.

The second team of the boys squad made a better showing, having won three games.

The League Championship was won by Hanover High School.

Our thanks go to Mr. Dunbar, our coach, for his carnest effort on our part. We were sorry we couldn't do a better job for him.

DE WOES OF DA SENIORS

Dis a mornin as we starta to get on a de bus,

MacFarlane was driving, we make de fuss. Oh! how a we mise our drive, de Bill, Whose home sick and a takin de pill.

He driva in de yard and stoppa wid jerk, Up a de uder end, to maka more work. He opa de door, we alla pile out, MacFarlane he looks wid kinda a pout.

We crawl up a de stairs and throw our books in

And dar dey will stay till schoola begins. The bella she rings wid a mournaful sound,

We turna around and no classa we found.

We get in de corridors, de monitors de yal, And we say "'You no like, go a to hal." De next mornin we no heara de bell, De monitors yell and den dey tell.

And den that 2:25 bella she bong, An a'ready halfa de class is a gone. We raca to de locka, wid a leap and a bound,

Halfa de clothes a lost and not found.

Den on dat old red bus a we dash, Packed in dar tight and slightly squashed. Doe our feet de a ache, and we whacka da dome.

We don't a care cause we're going a home. LOUISE DesJARDINS '46 BETTY SNOWDALE '46



GIRLS' BASKETBALL SQUAD

Back row: S. Howes, Assistant Manager; H. Torrey, Manager; S. Gauley, M. Osborne, A. Feneck, S. Simcock, D. Cellini, L. West, C. Newcomb, Score Keeper.

Front Row: M. Bennett, A. Grigsby, S. Henderson, C. Cummings, B. Henderson, Captain, E. Jackson, A. Higgins, F. Thomas, D. Hall.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls feel that progress has been made in their effort to play basketball, even though our season's schedule shows only three successful games. Mrs. Farnseworth, from Braintree, was our coach. She has given us some fine training and we feel that another season will show better results.

The squad is losing only one member in June, Dorothy Hall. The Varsity team consisted of B. Henderson, Captain, K. Cummings, E. Jackson, A. Grigsby, A. Higgins, F. Thomas, S. Henderson, S. Gauley, and D. Hall.



BACK HOME FOR KEEPS

When out of the battle the soldier comes, From the bugle blare and the roll of drums, Don't think for a minute that he isn't glad,

To be home with his sweetheart, his "Mom" and "Dad."

He's been gone for many long years, But he doesn't want sympathy or tears, All he wants is to see everyone, And a chance to have a little fun.

No more fear of being killed, All his dreams have been fulfilled. No more tanks and no more jeeps, He's a civilian now, back home for keeps. HELEN TORREY '46

Roses
Blooming brightly
Beside the garden wall
Fill the air with fragrant perfume
Sweetly.

FRANCES MacFARLANE '49

THE STORM

The wind whistled through the eaves; and It whirled light objects about with ease. The skies were dark, but they gave no warning,

Of the coming disaster which would strike in the morning.

The bridge washed out and the river swelled,

All was desolation where people once dwelled.

A man remembers this kind of storm, That strikes quickly and does not warn. DONALD MURRAY '49

A GIFT OF LOVE

Love is what I have to bring, A Godly, yet, a human need. Life without love, that's not to live. Ah! mine is quite a gift indeed. GLADYS E. LEE '49

These be
Three lovely things:
The summer rain. . . . the rose
With blushing petal. . . . a small child
At play.

FRIENDSHIP

RUTH CHIPMAN '49

Life is sweet just because of the friends we have made,

And the things in common we share, We want to live on, not because of ourselves,

But because of the people who care.
It's giving and doing for someone else,
On these life's splendor depends,
And the joy of this world when you've summed it all up,

Is found in the making of friends.
SHIRLEY HOWES '46

WINTER VACATION

When school lets out in winter, you know, We eagerly greet the ice and snow. For there we find our greatest sport, And vacation week is all too short.

First skiis on snow, then skates on ice, And the roaring fire that feels so nice For the weather is cold and the winds do blow,

But no one cares — we love the snow.

We get very tired and sleep so well, But are quick to answer the very first yell Of friends who come to the window and door,

To call us out for sports once more.

But it's not all sport, there's work to be done.

Such as shoveling to do, and errands to run.

The first thing we know our week is o'er, Then back to school we go once more. KENNETH TORREY, '49

KEEP CHEERING SOMEONE ON

Don't mind about your triumphs,
Don't worry over fame,
Don't fret about succeeding,
Let the future guard you name.
All the best in life's the simplest,
Love will last when wealth is gone,
Just be glad that you are living,
And keep cheering someone on.
MARILYN LAMBERT '46

WAITING AT THE WINDOW

These are my two drops of rain Waiting on the window pane.

Both of them have different names; One is John and one is James.

James has just begun to ooze, He's the one I hope will lose.

John is waiting to begin, He's the one I want to win.

James is going slowly on; Something seems to stick to John.

John is rushing down the pane; James is going slow again.

James has met a bit of smear; John is getting very near.

Is he going fast enough? (James has found a piece of fluff.)

John has hurried quickly by. (James is talking to a fly.)

John is there. Oh, John has won! Look! I told you! Here's the sun! JEAN HANSON, Grade 8



SENIOR INTER-CLASS PLAY "The Command Performance"

Standing, left to right: D. Hall, S. Howes, C. Jones, B. Walters, D. Simpson, G. Wyman, C. Newcomb, L. Jackman.

Kneeling: L. Bell, B. Hayes.

INTER-CLASS PLAYS

This year, the Inter-Class Plays were given in November. Each play was extremely well done but the seniors carried off the honors with "The Command Performance." At last we have reached our goal — the winning of the cup.

Don Simpson, Lois Bell and Louise Jackman lent mysticism to the play in their splendid oriental costumes. George Wyman, as an American idler, was the real hero in the final tense moments, when he gave his life to spare all the others.

The Maharajah	Donald Simpson
Ayah	Louise Jackman
Rajpoot	Lois Bell
Dancer	Betty Hayes
Janette Lawrence	Billie Walters
Albert Rossetti	Clarence Jones
Claudia Winters	Shirley Howes
James Van Loon	. George Wyman
Mabel Morrison	
Dr. Collins	Dorothy Hall
John Kirby	David Hills
Director	Mrs. Turner
Prompters Helen Torrey, Lo	uise Des Jardins

The Juniors presented "The Lord's Prayer," a drama. This was a deeply stirring play and each part was well done.

The Sophomores gave a hilarious comedy, "The Quack Doctor." It was most unusual to see a man climb into his own coffin.

This year the school had the largest crowd ever. There were over four hundred people present. The Seniors have half of the proceeds to use for Commencement purposes, while the other half goes to the General School funds for athletics, movies, and other school purposes.



STUDENT COUNCIL

Back row, left to right: R. Wessman, E. Goldman, C. Murphy, H. Walters, A. Higgins. Front row: S. Howes, H. Torrey, W. Ekstrom, B. Walters, Mr. Rogean.

"THE STUDENT COUNCIL"

The Student Council, selected by the pupils of Norwell High School, has maintained the high standards of pleasurable and influential entertainment for the students, and has been indispensible and volatile in numerous details pertaining to school affairs. In addition, they have inexhaustibly devoted their time to further the advantages of athletics, in the manner of their predecessors.

One of their first achievements was to establish a very efficient monitor system. They have also provided excellent full length movies such as, "Treasure Island," "The American Broadcast," and "Mutiny on the Bounty."

During noon recess, in bad weather, they furnished educational short subjects about manufacturing rope, mechanized warfare, South American agriculture, etc.

When late fall arrived, bringing with it basketball, the student council appointed managers for the basketball teams and took care of refreshments and admission fees.

In the manner of social activities, they have planned a semi-formal dance for the spring.

In April, four delegates will be chosen to attend a Southeastern Mass. Student Council convention at Fall River, Massachusetts. The purpose is to obtain ideas of other student governments and to benefit by them.

In all, we have accomplished many of our aims and objectives, due to the aid and supervision given us by our principal, Mr. Edward J. Rogean, to whom we owe many thanks.

WARREN EKSTROM, President

Name	Nickname	Saying	Wanted To Be	Wound Up
David Hills	"Hillsy"	"I didn't hear the bell."	With Carol	Caroling
Clarence Jones	"Jonesy"	"I was talking to Mr. (R.)"	Boss	Being bossed
Henry Makowski	"Henry"	"Huh ?"	Alone	Incorporated
Donald Simpson	"Don"	/.6.4-*,,	Playboy	Working boy
George Wyman	"Bo Bo"	"Natch"	Loved	Loving
Lois Bell	"Loey"	"Oh, I don't think so."	Singer	Being sung to
Pauline Bowen	"Polly"	"Oh, my goodness"	Sailor's wife	Land lover
Louise DesJardins	"Louise"	"Mel! Mel!"	World's best secretary	World's best housewife
Dorothy Hall	"Dot"	"Hey, kids!"	Artist	Being painted
Elizabeth Hayes	"Betty"	"Oh gosh!"	Artist	Culinary artist
Shirley Howes	"Shirl"	"It's not what you know, it's who you know."	Leader	Being led
Louise Jackman	"Loue"	"Wanna bet?"	Hairdresser	Under the dryer
Edith Kee	"Edie"	"I don't care"	In the studio	Studious
Marilyn Lambert	"Merry"	"AIN'T"	In the papers	Peddling them
Carol Newcomb	"Newky"	"Oh, well!"	In a car	On a bike
Elizabeth Snowdale	"Betty"	"You think so?"	Executive	Exclusive
Helen Torrey	"Hel"	"You like that, huh?"	Sure of her groom	Wielding a broom
Billie Walters	"William"	"Oh, stop it"	In seclusion	Don and George barging in

eighteen



JUNIOR CLASS

Back Row: A. Higgins, W. Buckley, W. Ekstrom, R. Joseph, J. Dickman. Second Row: M. Bennett, N. Wilder, E. Goldman, Pres., E. Jackson, F. Thomas, B. Henderson.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Back Row: C. King, H. Walters, D. Norris, J. Marsh, P. Coulter, J. Savage, W. Jackman, R. Wessman; Second Row: J. Mesheau, R. Winslow, M. Osborne, A. Feneck, S. Simcock, G. LeCain, A. Joseph; Front Row, S. Henderson, D. Shorthall, S. Hunt, R. White, L. Leonard, President, J. McHugh, C. Cummings, A. Wadsworth.



FRESHMAN CLASS

Back Row: F. Cashman, D. Murray, H. Georgetti, T. Hall, A. Bates, C. Murphy, F. King, E. Wyman, T. Mitchell, G. Schindler; Second Row: W. Robinson, J. DesJardins, D. Cellini, E. Staples, J. Ewart, E. Sousa, S. Gauley, R. Chipman, F. MacFarlane, E. Hansen, R. Carl; Front Row: G. Lee, E. Dwyer, D. Russell, A. Grigsby, E. Baldwin, President, G. Halleran, B. Hills, L. West, S. Hall, A. Reagan; Floor Row; R. Halleran, K. Torrey, E. Nash.



CHEER LEADERS
Left to right: B. Walters, B. Hayes, B. Hills, W. Buckley, L. Bell, S. Hall.

WHIPS AND QUIPS

Mr. Rogean was examining the physics class' knowledge of nautical matters. "Suppose, Clarence," he called out, "you

were in charge of a ship that was steaming slowly up the Ganges, when you received a wireless message reporting a cyclone at sea. What would you do?"

Clarence, somewhat flustered, stammered: "I-I'd drop an anchor, sir."

"Supposing you received another message half an hour later that the cyclone was over Calcutta. What would you do

"I-I'd drop another anchor, sir."

Mr. Rogean looked far from satisfied. "But suppose it was ten times worse than that. What would you do?"

Clarence strove despairingly to think of something bright. At last he whispered: "I'd-I'd drop another anchor, sir."

"Good heavens!" roared Mr. Rogean, "where the deuce do you get all the anchors?"

'And where the deuce," Clarence flung at him desperately, "do you get all the wind?"

A Maiden's Prayer

"Speaking of spinsters," Margy Bennett said, "did you ever hear about the one who ended her nightly prayers: 'Ah, men'?"

George said his sweetheart's father liked him so well he gave him a brick house — one brick at a time.

> Slippery ice, Very thin, Pretty girl Tumbled in, Saw a boy On a bank Gave a shreik Then she sank Boy on bank Heard her shout, Jumped right in Helped her out. Now he's hers, Very nice, But she had To break the ice!

Kerrect, General?

"Girls were hard to kiss in your day weren't they, General?"

"Mebbe, mebbe," returned the general, but it wasn't so blamed dangerous. I never heard of a parlor sofa running off the road and smashing into a light pole."

Miss Farrar said to Arnold Haskell: "Arnold, do you know the formula for water?" Arnold, "I do, H-I-J-K-L-M-N-O."

Miss Farrar, "Why, who told you that?" Arnold, "You did yesterday. You said H to O."

Can't Fool Him

Charles Honkonen was taken to see his new baby sister. "Ma!" he cried, "the kid ain't got no hair. It ain't even got no teeth. Ma—somebody has gypped us! It's an old baby!"

No. 575

Gordon Lambert wrote home, "They put me in barracks, they took away my clothes and put me in khaki, they took away my name and made me No. 575; they took me to church where I had never been before, and made me listen to a sermon for 45 minutes. Then the minister opened his hymn book and said 'No. 575, Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid?' and I got seven days in the guard house because I answered 'I certainly am'!"

Which Are You?

If a fellow tries to kiss a woman and gets away with it, he's a man; if he tries and doesn't get away with it, he's a brute; if he doesn't try but would get away with it if he tried, he's a coward; but if he doesn't try and wouldn't have gotten away with it if he tried, he's wise.

Results

Bobby C. was laughing at Edward W. for taking a flashlight when courting his best girl. 'The very idea! I never took a light. I went in the dark."
Edward W.: "Yes, and look at what you

got."

Table Manners

"Stop reaching across the table, Edith. Haven't you a tongue?" "Yes, sir, but by arm is longer."

After a Provincetown Trip

My breakfast lies over the ocean, My dinner lies over the sea, My tummy lies in such commotion, Don't mention my supper to me.

Pancake Eater

George Wyman went to Colonel Woodworth to find out what had made him sick. 'What did you have for breakfast?'' the doctor wanted to know.
"I et seven pancakes," George told him.

"Ate," said the Colonel.

"Well, maybe it was eight, Colonel, that I et," said George.

Definition Heard in English Class

Temperament: A temper too old to be spanked.

Brief Explanation

"Now class" said Mrs. Turner. "Can anyone tell me the meaning of unaware?"

Robert Joseph — "Unaware is what you put on first and take off last.

Charles Honkonen and Warren Ekstrom were talking the situation over when Charlie said, "I took that pretty girl from the grille home last night, and stole a kiss.'

Warren, "What did she say?" Charlie, "Will that be all?"

Miss Maguire, "Arnold, what's a cannibal?"

Arnold J. "I don't know."

Miss Maguire, "Well, if your father ate your mother, what would he be?" Arnold, "A widower."

Mrs. Brandt left her classroom for a few minutes and on her return, found the children doing everything they will do on such occasions. Wrathfully, she called them to order, then asked: "How does it happen I never find you studying when I come back to the room?"

Bobby Hallaren answered in a piping voice: "Please, Mrs. Brandt, it's because you wear rubber heels."

"How many kinds of wood are used in making a match?'

"Two kinds. He would and she would."

Miss Alden: "George, what is the definition of space?"

George: "Just a minute I've got it right in my head."

Mrs. Lincoln had forbidden the eating of candy and the chewing of gum during schooltime. One day she became suspicious of a lump in Bobby Chase's cheek.

"Bobby, are you eating candy or are you chewing gum?" she asked. "No", replied Bobby, "I'm just soaking

a prune to eat at recess.

Prescott Coulter purchased another car and was driving down the street about 60 miles an hour. A policeman yelled at him to stop, but instead of slowing up Prescott increased his speed. When the officer finally caught up with him, he roared: "Why didn't you stop? Didn't you hear me hollering?

Seemingly unconcerned, Prescott plied: "Oh was that you that yelled? thought it was somebody I run over."

Point of View

Mrs. Howes: "Don't you want to be the kind of girl that people look up to?"

Shirley: "No, I want to be the kind that people look around at.'

Not Fair

John Marsh and Warren McNealy, sitting on a bridge, with their lines in the water, made a bet as to which would catch the first fish. John got a bite, and got so excited that he fell off the bridge.
"Oh, well," said Warren, "If you're go-

ing to dive for them, the bet's off!"

That Meat Shortage Again

"This afternoon," said Mrs. Brandt to her zoology class, "we shall take Mr. Frog apart. I have a frog in my pocket to be used as a specimen.

She reached into her pocket and drew out a paper bag which she emptied on the table. . . and out rolled a badly squashed

sandwich.

Mrs. Brandt mopped her brow. "My goodness!" she stammered, "I distinctly remember eating my lunch."

Moe Is No Moe

A whimsical bugler named Moe, Who thought it was funny to blow His horn at eleven Is now up in heaven, Which ain't where they told him to go.

Like Father, Like Son

Caroline: "Say, Pop, did you go to Sunday school when you were a little boy?"
Mr. Rogean: "Yes,—regularly." Caroline: "I'll bet it won't do me any

good, either."

Perish the Thought

Liz. W.: "I suppose you have been in the navy so long that you're accustomed to sea

Gus: "Why, lady, I wasn't even looking."

Object

Miss Alden: "Give me a sentence with an object."

Bill J.: "Teacher, you are very beautiful."

Miss Alden: "What is the object?" Bill J.: "A good mark."

"AREN'T YOU GLAD THAT YOU WERE BORN?"

"When you wake up each morn Aren't you glad that you were born?" Oh its a beautiful day!

Who said that, anyway?

As you slowly drag yourself out of bed, You remember that the cow has to be

Breakfast is now over

So hurry and feed Rover, You comb your hair with a lot of fuss.

Hurry! hurry! here comes the bus. You spend the day in blood and sweat, And find that teachers are all wet.

This should be censored, I do agree, But nothing else would fit, you see.

Now you hurry right home With a little more knowledge in your "dome."

The rest of the day is spent doing chores Until your hands are covered with sores Then you lie in bed and mourn, WHY, OH WHY, WAS I EVER BORN?

FRANK CASHMAN '49



JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT COUNCIL

Back Row: A. Stearns, D. Merritt, B. Turner, P. Thomas, E. Butler, M. Hansen, R. Tibbets, W. Mullens. Front Row: S. Tingley, A. Johnson, B. Carruthers, R. White, G. Jackman, N. Leonard, Miss Farrar, Miss Barteau.



8TH GRADE

Back Row: M. Robinson, C. Bailey, A. Haskell, E. Butler, R. White, J. Dean, N. Arvidson. Middle Row: K. Osborne, G. Jackman, B. Johnson, M. Hansen, G. Jackman, J. Cann, A. Stearns. Front Row: B. Prest, N. Leonard, M. Forkey, S. Cunningham, P. Thomas, H. McHugh, J. Murphy.

ALUMNI NEWS

'45

MILDRED CARLSON — Married and living in Tennessee.

ELLEN DesJARDINS — Clerk at Keith, Keith & McCain. Announced engagement to Quenton S. Wilder of class of '42.

BLANCHE CARL — Employed at the Norwell Telephone Office.

ETHEL MURPHY — Employed at the Norwell Telephone Office.

MADELINE LAWRENCE — Norwell High School Secretary.

LILA MURRAY — Boston University. Announced her engagement to Bud Schultz.

ESTHER CORNWELL — LaSalle College

MIRIAM OSBORNE — Bridgewater State Teachers College.

BETSY ROSS — The University of Chicago.

GEORGE EASTMAN — Franklin Institute.

WINFIELD OSBORN — Working at Ashmont Motor Co.

WILLIAM HIGGINS — United States Navy.

LLOYD MORALES — Army Air Corp.

'44

JEAN MESHEAU — Married to Joseph Wennemer.
RITA HIGGINS — Secretary, United Fruit Co.
JANE EKSTROM — Employed at the Rockland Trust Co.
RITA FENECK — At home.
JOAN LEONARD — Rollins College
NANCY COLE — Boston University
HARRIET LINCOLN — Boston University
ARIAN FOWLER — University of Chicago
ELAINE BROOKS — A telephone receptionist for N. E. Tel. & Tel.
MADELON DeVOE — Studying to be a laboratory technician
MAURICE MURRAY — Army Air Corp
RALEIGH DUTTON — Army Air Corp
GORDON LAMBERT — U. S. Army of Occupation in Commany
BILL NORRIS — Northeastern University
HARRY BROUGHTON — U. S. Navy
MALCOLM SIMPSON — Wentworth Institute
BARBARA GODDARD — University of New Handshire
GARDNER PERRY — Moved to Florida
JACK HILLS — Attending Northeastern University
ARTHUR TORREY — Recently discharged from the Army Air Corp

'43

MARY OSBORN
JANE LIDDELL
SIGNATURE
PISLAND School of Design
DOROTHY DUTTON — Skidmore College
HARRY MERRITT — U. S. Navy
BILL HAYES — U. S. Marines
QUENTON WILDER — U. S. Navy
HELENE WALTER — Working at Fore River
LARRY HILLS — U. S. Navy
JOHN HALL — U. S. Navy
CHRISTINE MAYHEW — Married - Mrs. Hood
ARLENE BENNETT — Working at E. T. Wright's
ANNA PIKE — Working at Fore River
DOROTHY DAVIS — Clerk at Hanover Fireworks
MARY MURPHY — Married - George H. Foy
RITA SHORTALL — Clerical work in Brockton
GEORGE BERNARD — Working at M. I. T.
FRED MOREY — U. S. Navy
FRANK OSBORNE — U. S. Marines
CORRINE BUTLER — Working in Christian Science Building
RAYMOND HENDERSON — In the chicken business
MARIE MOTT — Married - Mrs. Russell Woodill



GRADE 7

Back Row: J. Day, R. Higgins, D. Gordan, R. Burkholder, R. Ripley, R. Turner, J. Dean

Second Row: R. Tibbetts, K. Williams, L. Zebetti, R. Jackson, A. Johnson, B. Carruthers, J. McManus, E. Robinson.

First Row: J. Hall, E. Georgetti, S. Tingley, B. McCarthy, D. Merritt, J. Bennett, S. Lincoln, M. Shannon.

Floor: W. Mullen, P. Dickman.



SONG HITS

"Day By Day" - School.

"I Can't Begin to Tell You" — What graduations means to us.

"Let It Snow" — All the more days we have out of school,

"Dearest Darling" — The heading of

Helen's letters to Don.
"It Was Just a Neighborhood Dance" —
Tuesday Nights.

"We Have To Do It the Hard Way" — Getting to the cafeteria at 12:30.

"Sand Man Rides the Trail" — In Prob-

lems of Democracy class.
"It's a Long Long Trail" — Until June 5.
"My Dreams Are Getting Better All the Time" — Betty Snowdale.

"On the Street of Regret" — Walking

in the corridors.

"Hubba Hubba" — The senior girls opinion of Eddie Wyman.

"Bicycle Built for Two" — Carol New-

"Symphony" — High School Orchestra.
"Waiting For the Train to Come In" —
Louise Des Jardins,

"Some Sunday Morning" — Baccalaureate.

"One O'Clock Jump" — End of noon

"I'll Be Walking With My Honey" — Shirley and Freddie.

"Oh Johnnie" - Betty Hayes.

"Here Comes Heaven Again" — 2:30 Dismissal Bell.

"Together" — Billie and Donald.

"What Is This Thing Called Love" — George Wyman.

"Do you know Amos?"

"Amos who?"
"A Mosquito."

Knows His Rights

Boby Halleran: "Dad, you have no right to send me to bed without my supper." Mr. H.: "Why, what do you mean, young

nan?''

Bobby: "Well, the Declaration of Independence says 'There should be no governing without the consent of the governed."



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AUTOGRAPHS. Phyllis Thomas "Phy!" Cucken (B. Lenderson William Buckley (Withow) I wede" 41 - To the best looking 8 th grader Barb " "Duckbird" 47 Margue Bernell "47" Agnes Higgins - Best of luck, Welen Jame Marios Fay Thomas Joanne Vickman Blondee (Ja how / 47 Bell Jackman Saraine Mc Manus Matali Wilder narles Honkonen Meday Semena - Well, Helen, Rose for ? Don't turn RED. Low C. Turner Rid Has hell Jock Cann rean Hanson Elizabeth y Farm arthur St- Steams Teddy Austin Beldum Donna Russell. x





